TRAVELS IN TIME, BY BASIL DAVENPORT

The Saturday Review of Literature

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By Roger Martin du Gard
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"UNDER THE IRON HEEL"
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"HAWAII: RESTLESS RAMPART"
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Reviewed by Hassoldt Davis

"AN ACTOR'S DAUGHTER"
By Aline Bernstein
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Charcoal drawing by Florent Margaritis
ROGER MARTIN DU GARD has "crystallized the moral problem confronting a generation." *(See page 5)*

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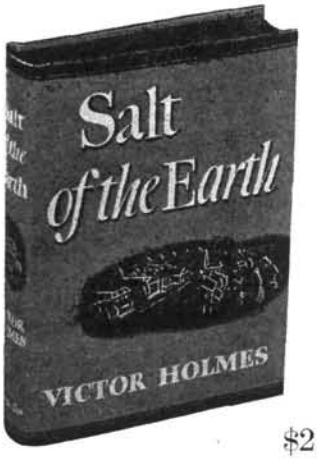

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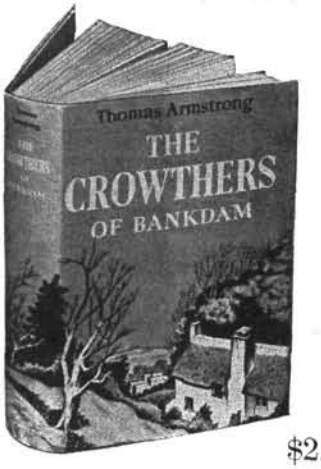

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Travels in Time

BASIL DAVENPORT

"YES, I understand," says the ancient Roman in L. Sprague de Camp's "Lest Darkness Fall,"* looking at Martin Padway's twentieth-century watch, "but why do you have a pointer to indicate sixtieths of an hour?"

The question puts its finger on one of the great differences between cultures; as Spengler points out, the beginning of our civilization is marked by the upgrowth of church towers, the sound of bells tolling the hour, the division of the dial into minutes and "second minutes." And yet in a world whose philosophers, from Augustine to Einstein, have asked themselves "What is Time?" we have had to wait surprisingly long for stories which make any imaginative use of it. As so often happens, when the idea does appear, it appears in several books whose authors must have been working on them nearly, if not exactly, simultaneously. Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward" was published in 1888; William Morris's "News from Nowhere" appeared as a book in 1889, though it had been serialized earlier; 1889 also saw Mark Twain's "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court"; and H. G. Wells "The Time Machine" came out as a book in 1894, though he had contributed a draft of it to a college magazine as early as 1889. There, within a couple of years, the novel of time-travel appears in three of the principal forms that it is to take: the novel of social criticism; the burlesque extravaganza; and the pseudo-scientific story of adventure.

Of these, the social criticisms are least to the purpose of a time-travel fan. (And to keep within bounds, we must limit ourselves to books in which some one actually travels in time and takes part in a strange society, excluding books merely laid in the future, even though this cuts us off from Mr. Olaf Stapledon's magnificently imaginative histories of the solar system and the universe.) These Utopian novels take the time-travel for granted, usually by the convention of a dream, a long sleep, or an artificial trance, and portray the ideal state in which the dreamer wakes—all too often, by assuming an unlimited supply of the milk of human kindness, and describing in detail how it is to be pasteurized and bottled. Their only concern with time is to explain how this came about, and this is generally a novelized version of the orthodox Marxist theory of the withering away of the state.

With history being made before our eyes it is harder and harder to believe that if London is broken up, it will be into the pleasant villages of "News from Nowhere"; though Granville Hicks in "The First to Awaken" can still write a future history of an America, fascist until about 1959, which then becomes communist of its own weight, like an iceberg whose center of gravity has shifted. William Morris indeed has a variant, in "A Dream of John Ball," by finding his good state in the past, when every man owned the tools of his trade; but he is as much prejudiced in favor of the Middle Ages as Mark Twain against them; he even weights the scales by going to sleep in modern England in February, and waking in medieval England in May!

And there is another device which might well be more used, that of bringing in a person from another time as the critic of this, like Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," as the great E. Nesbit does in one of her children's stories, when the Queen of Egypt asks why modern Londoners don't treat their slaves better. "Don't tell me!" she adds. "I know a slave's face when I see one." Which gives a child food for thought. But in general, these are books in which it does not really matter whether we are told that the setting is the island of Utopia or the City of the Sun, or that it is twenty-first century America, or England "In the Days of the Comet."

L. Sprague de Camp

THE humors of anachronism, as exemplified in "A Connecticut Yankee" are somewhat more to the purpose. The contrast of civilizations is impaired by the fact that Mark Twain, in order to make as wide a cockshy of the Middle Ages as possible, has allowed himself anachronisms almost as broad as those he wants us to laugh at; and it begins to be clear that the nineteenth-century American, standing on the summit of the ages and laughing at those who laboriously piled up the mountain of truths known, or held to be self-evident, on which he stood, was a good deal less securely grounded than he thought. But it offers problems for the imagination to those who look for them diligently, and it has had several successors, notably "The Panchronicon." The characters in this take a flying machine to the still undiscovered North Pole, fasten a chain to a spike driven into the earth, and swing around and around, over all the meridians, against the sun, logically going back a day with each revolution. The machine breaks from the pole and flies off at a tangent, landing them in Elizabethan England. One incident here deserves to be remembered; the heroine, encountering Lord Chancellor Bacon, puts to him the hypothetical legal case of a merchant who should borrow money, promising to forfeit a pound of his flesh if he does not pay by a certain day, and who finds himself unable to meet his debt. Bacon drives a coach and horses through Shylock's plea, on the sound general ground that

*LEST DARKNESS FALL. By L. Sprague de Camp. New York: Henry Holt. 1941. 379 pp. $2.50.

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it is void *ab initio*, being contrary to public policy, and that no man may legally consent to his own murder, otherwise suicide were no crime; and when she suggests to him Portia's line of defense, he contemptuously drives a coach with even more horses through that; she is therefore duly convinced that he did not write the plays of Shakespeare.

"The Panchronicon" is a time machine based on a mathematical paradox; *the* Time Machine was based on a mathematical truth, on the foundations of the idea of the space-time continuum. How many a schoolboy must have been thrilled with a sense of real intellectual achievement and illumination when he grasped the import of that Socratic question, "Can an instantaneous cube exist?" That thrill can still be recaptured in rereading or remembering. The bulk of the book, the Utopia gone sour of degenerated aristocrats and workers, is, perhaps always was, not quite up to the beginning with its boundless possibilities (as maybe nothing could be) nor even to the end, the dying planet and the one sinister flopping creature on the edge of the shore. But though its narrative seems outrun by its successors, Mr. Olaf Stapledon's romances of the evolution of races and the death of worlds, still "The Time Machine" itself has the unique importance of a foundation. It has made time travel credible, or at least intellectually respectable. There will not be another step of even comparable importance (for even this will hardly be equal) until fiction turns from the mathematics of time to its metaphysics.

When and where that happened I am not perfectly sure. (I should welcome suggestions.) The earliest instance I know of is "Berkeley Square"; but, although no doubt the authors of that play were independent in their application of the new theories of four-dimensional time, I should not be surprised to hear that they had been anticipated in one of the numerous pulp magazines which specialize in such themes, in which appears much bad and some first-rate work, and which, by the way, are no more to be lumped all together than are all newspapers. At any rate, in Henry James's "The Sense of the Past," on which "Berkeley Square" is based, the substitution of the hero for his ancestor is supernatural, involving a moving portrait; in the play it is metaphysical; the hero explains to the ambassador that from some superhuman point of view present and past are existing simultaneously, like two bends of a river seen from an aeroplane.

For this reason, the difference in time between the lovers is a greater barrier in "Berkeley Square" than it was to have been (so far as we can judge from Henry James) in "The Sense of the Past." The idea of time as an obstacle occurs earlier, in romantic stories; the lady of former time is a variant of the princess far away. Robert Chambers's short story, "La Demoiselle d'Ys," written around the turn of the century, shows a young man blundering on an antique chateau, falling in love with its mistress, and when he tries to return after an absence finding only a ruin, with a centuries-old tombstone to the demoiselle who died for love of a stranger. And before that, there was the story of "Germelshausen," dear to intermediate German classes, of the young man who stumbles on a village whose inhabitants are alive only one day in a hundred years—a very scanty allowance.

But still, if the hero is only a sort of ghost in reverse, one can feel that he might settle down in the past—if he could be comfortable there. It is to the credit of "Berkeley Square" and "The Sense of the Past" that they recognize, for the first time, that he might not, and for a better reason than lack of plumbing. This pair really try to face the problem of two periods brought into conjunction. "Berkeley Square" puts it crudely, denouncing the hero's "unnaturalness" on what seems insufficient grounds, and "The Sense of the Past" puts it so oversubtly that if it were not for the fact that the story is unfinished, with the conclusion represented by notes which are at least less convoluted than the body of the book, we might miss it; but they both realize and try to convey the fact that there is a fundamental difference between any of us and any of the men of the past. And in "Berkeley Square" there is the further barrier, that if the past is already laid out and visible, like a river seen from the air, it cannot be altered—or can it?

THE idea of the momentous effects that might follow the alteration of some single circumstance is, of course, an old one; it was brilliantly illustrated a few years ago in a book called "If," essays by various hands, of which the most brilliant was Mr. Belloc's history of a Europe without the French Revolution and Napoleon, if only there had been a chain on the cart with which Drouet stopped the flight to Varennes. But it has remained, I think, for the pulp magazines to consider the question of whether such questions are logically conceivable. One answer may be that they are not; a recent short story by Maurice G. Hugi, "The Mechanical

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"The World of the Thibaults"

SUMMER 1914 (Part II of "The World of the Thibaults"). By Roger Martin du Gard. New York: The Viking Press. 1941. 1008 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT GOFFIN

THE most significant fact perhaps, about the great French cyclical novels is that these works represent a reaction against the narrow confines of the traditional short French novel. Another noteworthy characteristic of many of them is that they have been inspired, directly or indirectly, by the conflict—cultural as well as military—between France and Germany. This is the tragic problem of the survival of Latin culture, a problem which has concerned Romain Rolland, Georges Duhamel, Jules Romains, Roger Martin du Gard, and lastly, Charles Plisnier, young winner of the Goncourt Prize for his "Meurtres," a long novel whose moral development bears perceptible likeness to "The Thibaults."

In French, the twelve volumes by Roger Martin du Gard are entitled "The Thibaults." The American edition of the first few volumes of the series appeared under that name, while the present work comprises the last four French volumes and is called "Summer 1914." The whole is titled "The World of the Thibaults"—which is perhaps more adequate for an understanding of the general theme.

Roger Martin du Gard, until he received the Nobel Prize, was not accorded the attention his great talent deserved. For that matter, he did not seek it, but retired to the country far from the literary groups of Paris and their struggles for the green laurel. I recall the appearance, more than a quarter century ago, of his first book, "Jean Barois," and the ripple of appreciation it earned. Already, then, one had the presentiment of the larger conception finally realized by the author in the present work.

"Summer 1914" is the history of the war unleashed upon France in 1914, displaying the evolution of the catastrophe under different lights, illuminating the two Thibault brothers —one, Antoine, a doctor, embodying the forces of tradition and the bourgeoisie; the other, Jacques, a professional revolutionary whose *raison d'être* is the struggle against the storm of war. Other principal characters are Anne de Battaincourt, the doctor's mistress, and Jenny, the Protestant fiancee abandoned by the revolutionary.

This is more a novel of events than of characters, with the war as the central theme; it is a sort of masterly crystallization of the moral problem confronting a generation; at bottom, this is the theme closest to the author.

The first part of the book is devoted to a description of the revolutionary circles of Geneva, a counterpart, in a sense, of the pacifist group of Romain Rolland and the poet Guilbeaux which played an important political role in the Great War. It is there that Jacques Thibault, who has abandoned his family, fulfills his mission as a man of action who goes to fight body and soul against the war, even while all the socialists of Europe let themselves be absorbed by the nationalism of their various countries. Jacques dedicates himself to a desperate gesture which takes his life while he heroically sows revolutionary pamphlets over the front from an airplane.

That would have ended the world of the Thibaults if Jenny, who did not have enough time to marry Jacques, had not become a mother after Jacques's death. All the hopes of the dwindling family repose in the little one, who represents the future of the Thibaults! Antoine, seized by the dream of the family and of tradition, wishes to give his nephew the name which Jacques was unable to give him, and offers to marry Jenny, who refuses. The doctor, sensing his approaching death, kills himself.

"Summer 1914" is not so much an imaginative novel, as it is a manifestation of a new literary formula which Leon Daudet outlined in detail and called "the reconsideration of history." Roger Martin du Gard is more the historian than the novelist. Throughout his work the development is on various planes of action: the war, the revolution, tradition, and as destiny unfolds, the moral struggle of the characters who attempt to resist the tide.

Roger Martin du Gard allows his imaginary characters to associate with historical figures. Antoine, Jacques, Jenny cross paths with Mussolini, Poincaré, Jaures, Vandervelde. These encounters permit the author to recreate the atmosphere of an era with details—true or false—which contribute to the progressive development of the scene. I say "true or false" because the author seems to share the opinion of Leon Daudet that accuracy of detail has little importance. One sees, for example, Jaures, finding himself in Brussels, going to admire the pictures of Van Eyck at the Musée Ancien; actually, there are no works of Van Eyck in Brussels. But this detail, even supposing it is inaccurate, throws a singular and telling light on the character of Jaures.

—From "A Wanderer in Woodcuts."

There is little that is novel in the style of du Gard. He shows, however, a predilection for indirect lighting; where Romains would recreate certain historic scenes, du Gard ignores them save through the people who participate in them. The death of Jacques on the field of battle is described movingly against the background of the conversational turmoil of the French soldiers. Nature herself plays a subordinate role in the art of Roger Martin du Gard. One feels the presence of nature, always, but never does it directly appear in the artistry of the work. It is even strange to consider that the impressions of nature only appear in the journal of the doctor before his death, as though the author wished to assure us that nature belonged to his characters, while he himself, the writer, refused himself the luxury of such means to enhance the atmosphere of the action.

Some years ago, I read the four volumes of Roger Martin du Gard in the original French. They did not impress me as strongly as they do today. This obviously was the fault of the French edition; each of the four volumes gave the reader an arrested image difficult to re-invoke. The general aim of the work escaped too easily. The great advantage of the American edition is that it gives to the work of Roger Martin du Gard a sense of grandeur, of continuity, of fullness.

The English version is penetrating and suggestive. Stuart Gilbert, the translator, has not contented himself with the grasp of words and phrases; he has rather steadfastly achieved an emotional identity with the original by means of a free translation which, occasionally, even clarifies the sometimes difficult ideas of du Gard.

Robert Goffin, secretary of the European P.E.N. in America, is the Belgian author of numerous books in French.

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Failure of a Mission

AMBASSADOR DODD'S DIARY. Edited by William E. Dodd, Jr., and Martha Dodd. With an introduction by Charles A. Beard. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company, 1941. 464 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

"JUNE 8, 1933. Thursday: At 12 o'clock in my office at the University of Chicago, the phone rang. 'This is Franklin Roosevelt; I want to know if you will render the government a distinct service. I want you to go to Germany as Ambassador.' I was greatly surprised."

"1938: I have been four-and-a-half years in Europe with the hope of serving my country. How much one could do is an open question. Shall we be confronted with another world war? And would isolation be possible for any industrial country?"

This is what William E. Dodd, eminent historian and honest democrat, a Jefferson liberal and supremely good observer, a man who stood among shrewd career diplomats rather bewildered, wrote in his diary when he arrived in Berlin and when he left it sadly disillusioned almost five years later. Between these two accounts of a mission which failed not because the man failed but because there was no understanding possible with "the Hitler regime and its barbarism unparalleled since the Middle Ages," we find an exciting story, a brilliant inside view of international and American diplomacy, candid portraits and sharp criticisms of the men responsible for the world catastrophe. Both as a human document and as a warning of a man who watched Europe go to war, the story is fascinating and touching. William E. Dodd, who as a youth had studied in Germany and loved it, came to Berlin when everything was already lost. But there were few who realized it. Mr. Dodd was one of them.

Ambassador William E. Dodd

He met Lord Lothian in 1937. "He praised Hitler for saving Germany in 1933 and seemed to be more fascist than any other Englishman I have met." He talked to Nevile Henderson. "The new English Ambassador is reported to be in full sympathy with the German-Italian aggression in Spain." Mr. Dodd himself wrote as early as July, 1934: "My task here is to work for peace and better relations. I do not see how anything can be done so long as Hitler, Goering and Goebbels are the directing heads of the country. Ought I to resign?"

But the man whom Mr. Dodd admired above all statesmen of his time, his President, wanted him to stay, and as a soldier for democracy he remained at his post, sad but with unbroken spirit, constantly baffled by the strange world around him.

While the appeasement groups, both American and European, were still blind, this man who knew how to read the trend of our times, wrote his diary like a prophet. "1935: In my judgment the Reichswehr, the Foreign Office and the royalists are all pressing Hitler for a Russian pact like that with Poland. The idea is to isolate France and to find a market for German goods. It all points to peace for a few years, that is, until Germany can be entirely ready to command Europe."

Ambassador Dodd's voice however was not heard. He had few friends in Berlin, not many in Washington. Only a handful of people believed with Dodd that "pacifism will mean a great war if the pacifist peoples do not act courageously." And though he foresaw in February, 1936, that Italy would desert Austria and allow the Germans to have the Balkan states, he found no sympathetic ears. In 1937 he wrote: "One thing seems to me certain: There will come a complete totalitarian domination of Europe and Asia if democratic countries continue their popular isolation policies."

Ambassador Dodd is now silent. But his book, filled with shocking revelations speaks louder than he would possibly have dared. He was a sincere, noble soul, not a cunning diplomat or a fighting prophet. It is still not too late to listen to the truth as it shines out from a revealing document, a moving crusade against international intrigues, and a proud confession of democratic spirit written in simple and fearless style.

Author, Author!

TROUBADOUR. *Julian Lee Rayford* ("Cottonmouth") will chant one of his poems at the drop of a hat, or just for fun if nobody drops a hat. He went recently into a bank to cash a check for royalties on his novel and nearly brought the teller out onto the marble floor by singing one of his poems into the grill that separates the public from the bank's cash. The bank was fascinated—they'd never met anybody like that who had a real check to cash. A couple of agitated phone calls to agents and publishers established Mr. Rayford's identity. He got his money and, probably, went away singing.

★ ★

Typewriters Again. *Dorsha Hayes* has typewriter troubles of her own. Just before she completed "The American Primer," which will be out March 15, her machine began jumping between letters. Something was needed to apply just the right degree of pressure. A loaf of bread did the trick, supported on a stack of books and leaned against the typewriter carriage. For Miss Hayes, writing books is the newest aspect of a varied career. Until recently she had a number—No. 230823 on the WPA. Before that she was a professional dancer. She did apprentice work in the ballets of Pavlowa and Fokine, then appeared as a soloist—Henry Miller donated his theatre in New York for her first recital as a concert dancer. One of the most prized items in her press book is a letter from the Mayor's office in Boston, warning her that she must clothe herself properly to dance in that city. After Isadora Duncan Boston was taking no chances.

★ ★

Travel Log. When *Elizabeth Hawes* was taking a boat for South America last week the hour for sailing was put off so often and finally set so far ahead that her husband couldn't wait to see her off. He left her watching the games in a Jai-Alai court in Brooklyn. The next day he received a wire saying "Am miserable," but for a while he wasn't sure whether Miss Hawes was seasick or merely lost in Brooklyn.

★ ★

In Brief. *George Grosz,* exiled German artist, is writing his autobiography. *Baynard Kendrick* has learned that his mystery novel, "Odor of Violets," will be filmed with Edward G. Robinson as the blind detective. *Sylvia Thompson* ("Gulls Fly Inland") has written her publishers that her house in Kent has been taken over by the military.

EUGENE ARMFIELD.

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Europe, 1941

UNDER THE IRON HEEL. By Lars Moen. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1941. 350 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by W. L. WHITE

AS a war correspondent I have a keen professional interest in Europe and as a matter of routine read all the journalistic outpourings on the subject of Europe, from time to time chucking into the flood a few dippersfull of my own.

So I'd like to say that the best thing done this spring has been turned out by an American scientist who happened to be in Antwerp fiddling with a new color film process when the Germans came in, and spent six months watching the seamy underside of the German war machine. As an observer Lars Moen is magnificent. He tells me exactly what I want to know. You see the German army and the Belgian people day by day—you watch German morale begin—just a little—to disintegrate—you watch the Belgian nation catch its breath.

All Lars Moen has to offer you are the facts—tiny little human facts—except that when you add them up you get the year's most vivid picture of what a German-dominated Europe is like, and what is on the mind of the German army.

What you find out about the German army is first, that it is good; second that it is human. It contains some decent, civilized people and it contains a number of stupid fanatics. It entered Belgium completely cocksure that the war would be over in fifteen days. It paid a much higher price for the victory over France than it expected, and was completely flabbergasted when England did not capitulate along with France last summer.

Lars Moen

—From "A Cartoon History of Our Times."

The Totalitarian Tide

You learn that propaganda has created such a bitter hatred of England and of the English people that if the Nazis ever occupy the island they will treat the British with a ferocity unequalled since the Middle Ages. You learn that the Belgian people are 90 per cent bitterly anti-Nazi, and even more solidly behind their King in his capitulation. You learn that the German people have not much hatred but plenty of contempt for America, are convinced that we do all our thinking with our cash registers and consequently that our only important aid to England will be verbal, or that we stupidly will get into the war too late to do any real good. You learn also that the Germans aren't allowed to know the extent of American aid.

You learn all this not from Mr. Moen, but from hundreds of conversations with German soldiers and officers which he faithfully records, leaving you to do the thinking and supply the adjectives while he reports only what he heard and saw.

I don't know how Mr. Moen's color process finally panned out, but I can testify that he has delivered a completely satisfactory and unhysterical reporting job. He writes, sees, and thinks clearly. His book is indispensable for anyone who wants to do any unemotional thinking about the continent of Europe.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

LITERARY ATHLETES

The pages of literature are sprinkled with athletic feats of a varied nature. Some of them are briefly described below. Can you recall the names of the performers. Allowing 5 points for each character, and another 5 for the story in which he appears, a score of 50 is par, 60 is good, 70 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 17.

1. With the score 4 to 2, and two on and two out in the last of the ninth inning, this mighty slugger made history by striking out.
2. Clever maneuvering in the home stretch broke the wheel of his adversary's chariot and won the race for this daring driver.
3. His strong-man act brought down the house and rolled some 3,000 people in the aisles.
4. By his prowess in a wrestling match, this young nobleman won the love of a duke's daughter.
5. Though getting along in years, this old gentleman kept in shape by standing on his head, turning back-somersaults, and balancing an eel on the end of his nose.
6. When an irate caller twisted the fireplace poker in his rage, this celebrated detective laughingly picked it up and, with a sudden jerk, straightened it out again.
7. To prevent the bell from ringing the signal for the execution of her lover, she made a flying tackle of the clapper and held on long enough to prevent it.
8. This sprinter, by tossing down golden apples at judicious intervals, defeated his feminine opponent and won her as the prize.
9. After hearing a sermon on faith, this Yorkshireman found that he could float through the air with the greatest of ease.

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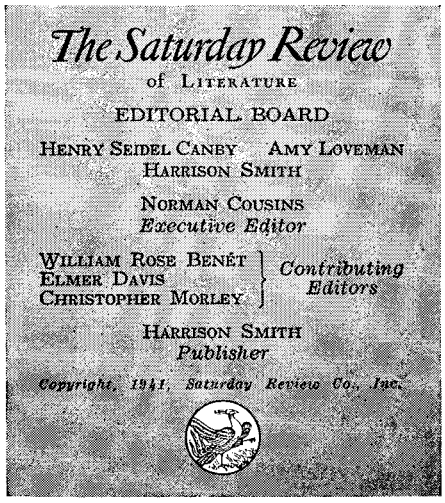

THE ROBEY REPORT

THE editors have not read all six hundred textbooks examined by Mr. Ralph Robey for the National Association of Manufacturers and are therefore not in a position to discuss with any documentation the general conclusion that some or many of them are derogatory to the American form of government. How good these textbooks are, how judicial, how close to the facts of American life, we leave for expert inquiry. But the report has served to bring certain other considerations and factors into focus. Mr. Robey, after making his excerpts, stated that he found too much criticism of the spirit of free enterprise, which, we take it to mean, is the system of more or less controlled laissez-faire under which American finance and industry have operated in the last half-century. We should like to ask of what conceivable use in a democracy textbooks on economics or history might be if they found nothing in our past or present crying for criticism.

Is America above criticism? Are the depression, unemployment, the record of our industrial development, the activities of monopolies and the difficulty of controlling them to be concealed from school children until they find out for themselves that we have been living in a changing economy? Is the American system as it was in 1870 or 1890 or 1929 or even 1941 to be described as a status quo or as a growth or as a change? And if as a growth, why did it grow this way and not that? And if as a process of change, why did we have to change, and how can change and growth expect to meet our new internal problems and the threat of a vastly different and powerful external order threatening our own? Can all this be described, even in that constructive spirit which a textbook should exhibit, without criticism of "free" enterprise or any other enterprise? It is at least an open question whether this free enterprise, in some very important particulars, has developed in complete harmony with the hopes or even the cruder desires of our early American ancestors.

There seems to be a presupposition in the Robey report that there is but one definition of the American way of life. Yet it is entirely possible that the democratic slogans advertised on billboards by the manufacturers' group may have a somewhat different motivation behind them than identical slogans over the insignias of other groups. It is a fair question to ask of any group coming forward as the champion of democracy, whether it is interested in democracy both as a means and as an end, or only as a means. What most of us expect from democracy are various protections we feel are indispensable to our well-being and progress. The protections called for by a manufacturers' association may be quite distinct from the protection called for by other citizens. Is it not likely that the reason democracy may mean one thing to the captain of industry and another thing to the man on the assembly line is because each of them has a different and perhaps conflicting conception of the kind of protection to which he feels entitled under the American form of government?

As a not unimportant sidelight on the Robey report, it might be recalled that not so long ago the Federal Trade Commission, as the result of an investigation into publicity methods of the utilities, discovered that considerable pressure was brought to bear upon schools and educators to present the utilities' case against government interference. Without discussing the government report in detail, it appears that outright sums were appropriated by the central utilities' association for payment to coöperative school officials and educators, and that efforts were made, in many instances successfully, to introduce into schools textbooks written to order or revised and presenting the desired point of view.

H. S. C.
N. C.

Draft Names Drawn

By Oliver La Farge

THIS is the City of New York
On the island of Manhattan and the mainland
In New York State, an old state among the forty-eight,
A state and city far gone in sin, with their newspapers
Full of the names of people who have got into gaudy trouble
Or made large fortunes.
But here is a different set of names,
Let us read of the young men of New York who have drawn number 158.
Their names as names should be studied in many nations,
Just the list of them makes a statement which rolls around the world,
These are names of power.
The first one, Number One in District One
Is Yuen Chong Chan of Pell Street.
It is not the name we would have expected,
But he is an American
And no man in this republic will refuse to accept him as a soldier,
Now that Mr. Stimson's fingers have pulled him out of a goldfish bowl,
Out of anonymity in Pell Street.
It begins in Manhattan with the name of Yuen Chong Chan,
And then goes on, John Anthony Tierno, Charles Benny Farrugia,
The American names, the suggestion of a former Juan and Carlo,
And still it goes on through the island and all the city:
Silverberg, Weisblum, Axelrad, Karachinsky—
Some of them suggest wars already in process but not our wars;
These men are our own and they are ready only for our war, if it must come.
There are Romeo Maynard, Frank Siome-Re, and George Basil Tsatsaronis;
And then there are W. Winthrop Clement and Albert Miller
Which everyone is ready to recognize as American, but they do not predominate
Because this hard time is all America's time,
It belongs to an Indian of my acquaintance called White Cloud (he is not a New Yorker),
And to Nicholas Michaelides, to Goldenson, Armstrong, MacDonald, and Diaz,
And to Messrs. O'Rourke, Kelly, and Mahoney.
This is a great list.
We have not paid attention to a list like this before
And we must not merely grow accustomed to it.
We should think a long time about the name of Yuen Chong Chan,
We need to feel the meaning of all these names taken together and in sequence.
It would be a good thing if they could be read across the world:
James Francis Adams, Herry Lefkowitz, Carl Ludwig Larson, Gonzalez,
How do you pronounce Mikolajczak?

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Burton on "Bloodbird"

SIR:—In the review of my novel, "Bloodbird" [*SRL,* Feb. 15], N. L. Rothman is very kind and says in part ". . . the best thing about 'Bloodbird,' what makes it exciting reading, is Mr. Burton's writing of it. He can do things with words that make them vital and explosive. This shows up best in his people, in their variety and lustiness and the actual, complex vigor of their minds and bodies . . . This is because he cannot really contain his passionate interest in men and women, *while he can and does content himself with a tailored narrative.* We should like to see him let out all stops and go all out on the big book he could write . . . "

I like a good yarn—to me the story is the best part of a book. I think the public does too. I am not a pure soul who cares too much about style or manner *if* there is no narrative. The letters I get from readers tell me the same thing. I am read (if at all) because I tell a good story—yet always the critics tell me what a fine master of prose I am—how I make long lines of words snap like a whip, how I creep inside people and tell of their longings and laments and beery joys. I don't know—maybe I do. But I'm a novelist—and I seem to stand alone when it comes to thinking a novel should tell a story. Not that other people aren't writing some fine stories—but pick up any review worth its salt and you'll find talk of manner, style and hot and cold running emotions.

"Bloodbird" is part of a trilogy called "Americantown," it is the second leg—of which last year's "And So Dedicated" was the first. The third volume will be called "The Wife" . . . it will tell the story of an American town from 1919 to 1941, and it will have to be narrative to carry over three big books. Just *what* is a tailored narrative? To me it is nothing to be ashamed of. It is a plot—a story that starts some place—something happens and the result has an ending that means something. Of course the ending may mean many things—may not even appear to have any meaning—but as we are born and live and die—(tailored narrative if I ever saw it) so too perhaps a novel can tell a full cycle of events.

This of course is no personal battle with anything you say in your reviews. Its bigger than that—its a whole school of writing growing up the wrong way and being patted on the back for the wrong reasons.

All this may seem to you a little too much wind for such a small sail as "Bloodbird"—but if I am to go on as writer I must have someone to write for—someone who wants to hear a story . . .

So if you will spare me some space to have my little say—I will thank you and go back to my chair and another book I am writing, and at which you should have a whack at soon.

THOMAS BURTON.

Great Neck, L. I.,
New York.

"He says if you won't buy his story, would you be interested in a second-hand typewriter."

An Open Letter to Mr. W. J. Cash

Dear MR. CASH:

We Southerners who have been running away from the South for the past twenty years owe you an explanation and an apology. We ought to explain first why we ran, and we ought to apologize secondly for having done so. We hadn't read your book, "The Mind of the South," [reviewed *SRL,* Feb. 22] at that time. If we had, perhaps we would have left home in greater droves than we did, for certainly you hold out little hope for those who stay below the Mason and Dixon. But we ran to escape the same Southern weaknesses which you deplore today. Intellectual aridity, ignorance, prejudice, old-fashioned fundamentalism.

In the twenties young people with imagination felt that they could not wait for progress to overtake the South. They preferred to overtake progress. And so they left, some for the West but more for the East. Had you, Mr. Cash, come along with them, you would not have written "The Mind of the South" but "The Mind of the Ex-Southerner," a far more curious and complicated mind than you found in your investigations of Methodist pulpits, tenant farms, and Rotary Clubs.

Don't despair too much, Mr. Cash. Things are bad but the South does changes. You have to stay on the outside to see. It's a slow process, I grant, but do you think it will take any longer to solve the tenant farmer problem than to persuade the Presidents of Harvard, Yale and Columbia to endorse collective bargaining and socialized medicine? I doubt it. And you would doubt it too if you knew as much about the rest of the country as you do about your own region.

Southern critics are generally guilty of two faults: they are apologetic and they are defeatist. They shouldn't be either. They should be courageous and honest as you are, and at the same time be filled with the understanding that the bad must and will go. I personally believe that the slumbering South is like little dog Rover. When it wakes up, it'll wake up all over. And when a Southerner can say what you have said, then it is clear that the alarm clock is about to ring.

RICE ESTES.

Brooklyn, New York.

Petard Hoisting Dept.

Editor's Note: The author of "What's Wrong with Editors," [*SRL,* Feb. 22] is off to a running start should he decide to do a follow-up article on the same subject. The editors unwittingly ran his byline as Rufus M. Jones instead of Rufus **H.** Jones.

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Baker . . .

MISS HARGREAVES. By Frank Baker. New York: Coward-McCann. 1941. 308 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by FRANCES SMYTH

IN respect to its potential audience this novel is like a detective story. Some people like them; some people don't. People who like them will find it a quite successful example of a favorite brand. People who are bored with the type, described by the publishers as "the slightly supernatural written straight," won't find it a sufficiently superb piece of work to overcome their bias.

Two young Englishmen on holiday in Ireland are trapped into a maundering conversation by the sexton of the local church. To relieve their boredom they begin to make up things as they talk along: they pretend to a certain familiarity with Mr. Archer, the lately deceased rector, and to provide a plausible source for their information they invent a Miss Constance Hargreaves, whom they identify as one of Mr. Archer's oldest friends. Liking their game they continue to play it. They establish Miss Hargreaves as a niece of the Duke of Grosvenor, and even provide a post-office address. As a final flourish to the whimsy, young Norman Huntley, the one in whose brain Miss Hargreaves first took shape, sends her a letter in which he extends an invitation to visit his family at Cornford.

The boys go home and young Huntley is confronted by a telegram: "Arrive Monday, etc. etc." signed "Hargreaves." Monday evening Miss Hargreaves arrives.

From there on, the complications multiply. Miss Hargreaves makes trouble for him at the Cathedral, where he is a lay clerk and apprentice organist; she confuses his entire life and undermines his morale. Half-delighted with his creation, he is none the less bothered by her and a little afraid of her. Before the story has finished he has considerable justification for his fears, and the ultimate solution of the Hargreaves problem requires a ruthlessness of which only desperation makes him capable.

In his treatment of the extravagant, the fantastic, and the sinister, Mr. Baker comes nowhere near the mark set by John Collier in the same field. He lacks the appalling matter-of-factness with which Mr. Collier presents the wildest of his inventions. But for all that "Miss Hargreaves" is deftly handled and in several of its more macabre scenes it is as scary and disturbing as anyone could wish.

Kaup . . .

NOT FOR THE MEEK. By Elizabeth Dewing Kaup. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1941. 697 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

THE meek will certainly enter heaven, and it has even been promised that they will some day inherit the earth, but the earth today is not for them. It is, and has been, for such men as Martin Lyndendaal, whose life Miss Kaup spreads before us at great and loving length. Lyndendaal is one of those soundly conceived and richly caparisoned literary figures whose roots are in reality; the only element of invention in him is that fortuitous combination of circumstances which belonged to no single living figure. Perhaps a dozen men have contributed to his making, men of steel, of business and bucaneering, of high finance, of intense individualism, of personal integrity, of power philosophy.

Lyndendaal comes from Denmark, a huge and elemental youth of great power and appetites, physical and mental alike. He plunges at once into American industry,—specifically, into steel. It is the industry of fifty years ago, when men were sparring for position in a field still open to all comers. Real and created figures mingle here to lend actuality to the scene, and it is in fact not only the world of industry but the atmosphere of that whole America on the make in the eighties and nineties which comes to life.

Miss Kaup has so devised "Not for the Meek" as to make it proceed out of Lyndendaal's own thinking. He is musing upon his life from the present moment, ranging backward, and as we follow his thoughts we are witnessing a very subtle unfolding and telescoping of memories. It is in one sense an old man's private autobiography; it is in another sense an apologia for the captain of industry, as he himself would write it if he had the imagination, the probing wisdom, the high spirits and the impeccable motives, of a Martin Lyndendaal.

Certain valuable things are here which the objectivity of Dreiser and Norris would not have included: the real personal springs of action. Certain other things are for the same reason missing: the equally real crassness of the power-grab, which Lyndendaal never owns to possessing. Perhaps it would be best to say that "Not for the Meek" complements, in its own way, "The Titan" and "The Pit," lending to them some of the humanity they will not admit, leaning upon them for the uncompromising, bleak vision which it does not itself contain.

Holmes . . .

SALT OF THE EARTH. By Victor Holmes. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1941. 311 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

IN this fact and fiction combination of a small town editor's story, Victor Holmes, who is both the hero of the tale and its author operating under a pseudonym, has written a warm human story which is not merely another version of the now familiar Country Editor but a vivid report on country town. His Grand City might have been as drab as Sinclair Lewis long ago found Main Street to be. His place as editor and owner of the *Argus-Tidings* might have been a sad stagnation of hackneyed personals, lifeless news, bad debts, and stingy advertisers. Instead, it was a place from which he could see not a little town but a crowded, vital world of small town people. There were some queer ones in the citizenship giantess taxi driver, sympathetic tombstone maker, competing undertakers, super-moral old maids, good doctor and bad one, preachers, printers, ordinary poor folk, and people who were rich and at least a little odd.

The book is the story of their lives told sympathetically by a newspaperman who could see more drama in their living than made dramatic news for his paper. Together they make a picture of a Middle-Western country town which, without being reduced to sentimentality, is still a long way from the gloomy picture which E. W. Howe drew half a century ago and Sinclair Lewis repainted in hard drabness between Howe and Holmes. This is not to say that "Salt of the Earth" is of the same stature as these earlier books. It is "husky," as William Allen White says in its introduction, without possessing the power they possessed. But there is humor in it, sympathy, a great understanding, and good nature.

Occasionally the book lapses into a too smart piece of writing, as in the last chapter where the old printer and the young reporter conspire to lampoon the pompous "society" of the town with a phony edition of one copy of the *Argus-Tidings* in which the report of a wedding "tells all" about those being wed from the false teeth of the groom to the moneybags of the bride. It does not ring true and ends the book on a false note. But the town Victor Holmes has drawn in veracity before this ending remains clear and credible, human and appealing. Whoever "Victor Holmes" maybe, he has written a good book about a good little town. There are thousands like it in America.

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Croy . . .

MR. MEEK MARCHES ON. By Homer Croy. New York: Harper & Bros. 1941. 307 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by DOROTHEA HOOVER

THIS mildly amusing modern fairy tale chronicles in flat but easy-moving style the adventures of a retail shoe merchant in southwest Missouri, who, as a protest against mounting taxes, politicians, boon-doggling, etc., goes to jail rather than pay his poll tax, becomes a hero, broadcasts, and plays his zither to an ever-widening public, organizes Meek Lower Taxes Clubs all over the Middle West, treks to Washington with thousands of his followers, to ask the President to reduce taxes (and incidentally keep him from being sold on the courthouse steps); gets his interview but is defeated in his purpose (albeit tactfully and kindly); returns crestfallen only to be elected Mayor of Joplin and given a chance to use his home town as a laboratory for an experiment in reducing taxes. His headaches in office, and his final naive solution of the unemployment and tax problems form the climax of a child-like and homely tale.

The theme, that blind faith in an idea is certain of success, is well-worn and in the main unconvincing. The characters are seldom fully realized, except spry Grandpa, and sometimes little Mr. Meek, particularly in his awkwardly tender moments with his daughter, or in his pungent radio talks. The main plot, Meek's protest against taxes and his actual experience in trying to lower them, might in more honest hands become vital, particularly if the final solution were credible. A love story of a very nice girl and two very, very nice boys forms a pleasant—and nice—sub-plot.

As for the setting: for this life-long resident of Joplin the page-after-page references to her home town became as embarrassing as undressing in public; and she was distinctly annoyed by the multitude of inaccuracies. For one correct reference to local fauna and flora, business, economics, and weather, there are dozens of flagrant errors, from the color of persimmon blossoms (greenish-white *not* pink), through storm windows (which less than ten per cent of us put up), to the city gasoline tax (which we do *not* have). But I shall waive all these, allow him his poetic—or prosaic—license, and not even begrudge him the wand-waving that makes us a village again, with little clots of farmers and miners on corners, perhaps one bank, one shoe store, only one paper—I'll even grant him the Rabbit Supper at the Country Club as *the* social event of the year. But the poll tax, Mr. Croy! There never has been a poll tax in Joplin, at least none since the town was incorporated on St. Patrick's day of 1873. If the core of your tale is a revolt against a poll tax, do please, Mr. Croy, pick a town that *has* one, or let Mr. Meek revolt against a city tax Joplin *does* have—the property tax, for instance.

And the final solution, that the establishment of one shoe factory in a town of over 37,000 could solve completely unemployment and relief problems, and so increase city income that taxes could be reduced, is incredibly naive. Shoe factories established in neighboring towns some years ago have been forced to close for lack of a profitable market. Joplin, too, raised money for a shoe factory, but nary a shoe was stitched in the attractive sand-stone building on 33rd and Main.

However, the novel might make a delightful movie, burlesqued slightly, or treated as pure fantasy: it is warm, simple, and clean.

Bob Davis

Homer Croy

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 362)

MATTHEW ARNOLD
TO MARGUERITE

Yes, in the sea of life enisled
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
We mortal millions live alone;
The islands feel the enclasping flow
And then their endless bounds they know.

Hornborg . . .

PASSION AND THE SWORD. By Harald Hornborg. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1941. 318 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HOLGER LUNDBERGH

COLOR, motion, and drama are the main ingredients of this robust and artistic historical novel of eighteenth century Sweden and Finland. Shrouded in native mysticism and superstition, studded with incidents of boldness and glamour, the story unfolds with the brilliance and surprise of a kaleidoscope. This is the more interesting, if not remarkable, since the main character, Martin Ryselius, is a lumbering and introspective Swedish clergyman, whose mind is constantly harassed by doubts about his young daughter's legitimacy. But the author of "Passion and the Sword" projects this Old Testament figure against a vast and stormy landscape, peopled by characters bizarre and fascinating.

The main part of the book concerns Ryselius's life in the bleak parish of Korpijärvi, in northern Finland, which is offered him after his soft years as house chaplain to a noble Swedish family are ended. Not only is the Arctic climate his enemy in his new surroundings. His predecessor, a bibbing, bearded giant, has been dispossessed by Captain von Wessing, a ruthless and wealthy landowner, and Ryselius soon finds that the natives are opposed to a change of order. Slowly, painfully, he establishes peace of a sort, but he remains always a sincere, blundering, misunderstood stranger, sometimes a hero despite himself, and ever pained by the gnawing suspicion that his daughter is not his own.

Aside from the three-dimensional figure of Ryselius, most of the other characters are also picturesque and believable. The brutal dictator of the country-side, Captain von Wessing; Kristina Tervolander, the earthy and sensual daughter of Ryselius's predecessor, whom he marries; Aune, the pixie-like peasant girl, are all major actors in a strangely tense and passionate drama. Only the daughter, Hedda-Lisa, seems unconvincing, seldom appearing as more than a pretty automaton.

Harald Hornborg, who was born in Finland in 1890, is the author of several historical novels, which are enjoyed by a large public in Scandinavia. The translation from the Swedish of the present volume by Gösta Larsson, himself a successful novelist, is uncommonly faithful and sensitive.

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Life Story, Part II

EDITOR IN POLITICS. By Josephus Daniels. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina. 1941. 644 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by OSWALD G. VILLARD

THIS is the second volume in the series of four which the present Ambassador to Mexico has planned to tell the story of his life and achievements. This one is a large book of 624 pages and covers the period from 1893 to 1912. Whether his attainments merit so colossal an autobiography each reader must decide for himself. To me this is a prolix and often dull and naive volume. Mr. Daniels evidently has a photographic memory for small details and, with the aid of that memory and the file of his newspaper, plus perhaps a diary, he has recorded many events which interest him but can have only the slightest value if any for the general reader.

I am by no means sure that this book should not have been written. Josephus Daniels has been as much a natural phenomenon in the development of his State as some of the more blatant demagogues and scalawags he usually fought and sometimes defended. The future historians of the State—if such there are to be—are certainly entitled to see the panorama of its development through the eyes, however enlarged by the belladonna of self-contentment, of an editor who fought bravely for what he considered the right. Fifty years from now men may marvel at the littleness of it all, the narrowness of the vision and the pitiful prejudices. Still it is a record of an era and of a genus homo much more worth preserving than the record of a Tillman, a Cole Blease, a Vardaman, and other products of the one-party, oligarchical South whose peculiar system has produced a crop of very little men to follow after such able and fine figures as Wade Hampton, Zebulon Vance, Gov. Gordon of Georgia, and William Lyne Wilson of West Virginia.

Mr. Daniels shows no recognition of what that one-party system with its deliberate violations of the Constitution and its division of the citizenship into two classes has really done to the South and the whole Union. But he is frank and open in portraying himself just as he is and was. He believes in the color-line; sometimes he is for lynching and sometimes against; and he is proud of his past in the establishment of Jim Crow railway cars, and he expresses no regret for the lack of education of the Negro and his taxation without representation.

Mr. Daniels glories in having been a warm adherent of Bryan and his free silver doctrines, while also adoring the gold-standard Mr. Wilson, whose Cabinet he entered, although Mr. Wilson opposed for years so much of what Mr. Bryan espoused. The Ambassador believes that Bryan was really elected President in 1896 and was as illegally deprived of the Presidency as Tilden. He is still all for war on "gold bugs," Wall Streeters, malefactors of great wealth, and economic royalists, and it is pleasant to record that he has also battled vigorously to free his State from many genuine abuses, such as domination by the railroads and corrupt corporations and their purchased politicians. He did publish a lively, vigorous daily newspaper as well as an ignorant and intolerant one, and both he and it played the good old-fashioned game of politics and political spoils.

Thus, when in charge of appointments of the Department of the Interior under President Cleveland he "appointed a number of North Carolinians as watchman and messengers, who lived on twenty-five or thirty dollars a month and sent the balance home." He sure was good to his friends! That he always showed great courage goes without saying. He was afraid of no one, however powerful, and of nothing except party irregularity. And when the State produced some fine leaders like Gov. Aycock, "the educational Governor," and Gov. Glenn, Mr. Daniels backed them well and still exercised the right to differ with them. And to his everlasting honor redound his fights against child labor and for shorter hours and higher wages for the North Carolina factory workers. He was a terror to unworthy judges and faced a sentence of contempt of court with calm equanimity.

Josephus Daniels

Court & Constitution

OUR CONSTITUTION: TOOL OR TESTAMENT? By Beryl Harold Levy. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1941. 315 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

DR. LEVY is a young man of thirty-two who has already made a reputation by his writings on legal subjects and this is his second book. Like many of the New Dealers, among whom the author is apparently to be counted, he is as sure of himself as he is ambitious. To try to treat the subject of the Constitution, as he claims to do, "biographically, philosophically and historically" in a little over three hundred pages is a task which the most ripened scholar might well consider impossible. As indicated in his earlier volume, "Cardozo and Frontiers of Legal Thinking," which won high praise, Dr. Levy likes the biographical approach. This new volume is almost wholly devoted to four chapters on Marshall, Taney, Holmes and Brandeis. As Attorney General Jackson notes in his Introduction, the difficulty of this method is that a biography is not accurate in emphasis unless complete; if complete it contains much matter irrelevant to the Court; and complex characters are more difficult to understand than the record of the Court itself.

Dr. Levy tries to show, as Professor Beard did in his "Economic Interpretation of the Constitution," that a man's character, background, and economic and social position influence his reaction to public questions. On first thought this might seem so obvious as not to call for three hundred pages to prove it. Yet on second thought one has to ask how much validity the thesis has. In these days of "parlor pinks" and of the most "left-wing" President we have perhaps ever had in the person of an aristocrat reputed to be the sole heir to millions the thesis would seem to be doubtful indeed, even if a cool study of history and personality did not reveal in any case that man is motivated by complex and not simple causes.

The biographical approach is thus not wholly a satisfactory one, as Mr. Jackson has pointed out. In so limited a space history has to be skimped in treating of an institution with a rich and varied past of a century and a half. Philosophically the reader might get a wider view of what a Supreme Court is and has to do if, as so often happens, our own Court was not treated as though it were peculiar to the United States in our own period. The old Judicial Committee of the Privy Council would shed much light

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for us, as also the Supreme Courts of the British Dominions. So closely, for example, does the Australian Court follow ours that even our decisions are not infrequently used by it as precedents.

These comments do not mean that the book is not interesting and often highly suggestive. It is, even though many may not agree with the author's insistence that the Legislature, and the Executive possibly, should have final review of laws instead of the Court. His own cure for what he believes the evils of Court action is that the "veto," as he calls it, of the Court could be over-ridden by Congress as the Presidential veto may be. He also suggests that it might be well to have laymen on the bench, which is a little odd in view of his repeated criticism of Marshall for the inadequacy of his legal training and practice. However, here one may find the New Deal ideas as to the Court set forth in readable and popular form and on the whole with accuracy. Of the many books of recent years attacking the Court it is the easiest I know for the layman to read.

Evocation of Life and Living

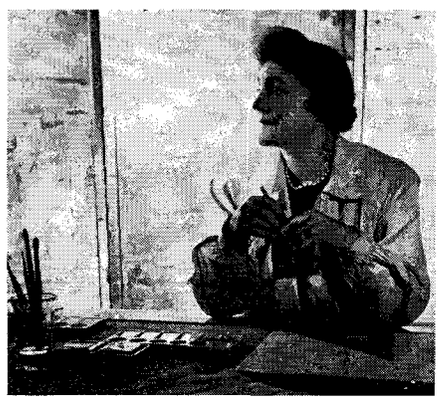
AN ACTOR'S DAUGHTER. By Aline Bernstein. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1941. 228 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by MARGARET BREUNING

TRUTH, as has been observed, is often stranger than fiction; it is, also, at times more interesting. When an "Actor's Daughter," a veridical autobiography, is compared with the popular fictional autobiographies which reach from cradle to grave in thousands of words and exhausting detail, this little volume goes to the head of the class in its power to absorb the reader's attention. It is not so much the "Remembrance of Things Past" as it is an evocation of life and living, a kaleidoscopic stream of picturesque incidents involving remarkable personalities, shot through with the emotional response of the author to people and events which gives warmth and color to the flowing narrative. An ability to give a swift characterization, a veritable gift for apt similies, recreates this world of gas lights, clopping horses' hooves on the cobbles, elegant ladies who knew how to hold up their trains becomingly as they minced across the street—a New York hardly more than of yesterday.

We are made to see Aunt Mamie, sitting at the head of her boarding house table ladling out soup or carving, her diamonds flashing with every movement; Nana with her luxurious costumes of velvets and silks and her sparkling jewels—Nana who was said to "always have too much on or too little"; tables groaning with rich foods and the merry company who sat around these gargantuan dinners every night. Of course, much of the background of the child's life was the theatre, for her father was an actor, who wakened her to Shakespeare. Not only was she familiar with backstage and dressing rooms, the smell of grease paint and the glare of footlights, but the whole family accompanied the father when he secured an engagement in London, where the formality of living and staid conventions of a cousin's house as well as the astonishment of the clipped English speech made a deep impression. A later road tour in America of one-night stands was not so luxurious or so profitable, yet it, too, left an indelible mark on the impressionable child.

Adversity as well as luxury comes into the story, for the ups and downs of an actor's life formed an uneven basis for the household. Finally, the mother opened a boarding house, which, if not on quite the same scale of magnificence as Aunt Mamie's, was still a profitable undertaking for the family budget, if an overwhelmingly exhaustive strain for the mother. Pictures, music, intellectual stimulation of many kinds entered into the mosaic of the young girl's life, but not in any formal pattern of conventional education. Loyalty to family, quick sympathies, and deep humanity, also, entered into this life-pattern, so that while the curtain rises on the spectacular happening of being born on the present site of Macy's store, the last curtain drops on an untheatrical, yet moving episode in a young girl's life, the quiet assumption of duties and responsibilities for those dear to her—the pack which someone had prophesied would always be on her back.



Louise Dahl-Wolfe
Aline Bernstein

Eskimo Woman

LAND OF THE GOOD SHADOWS. By Heluiz Chandler Washburne and Anauta. New York: The John Day Co. 1940. 329 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by MARIE AHNIGHITO PEARY

HERE is an absorbing story, all the more fascinating because it is true; a story that should appeal not only to readers of Arctic literature but, as a human document, to all those who admire a brave heart and a gallant spirit.

Anauta is an Eskimo woman from Baffin Land and her story brings out strikingly the fact that one cannot generalize about the Eskimos. An Eskimo's tribe and habitat determine his characteristics and customs and there are few of these which the entire race has in common. To one familiar from childhood with the Eskimos of North Greenland, practically the entire account of Anauta's childhood and upbringing in Baffin Land was a complete revelation. Even her own language, with the exception of a few words here and there, was strange.

Anauta was named for a brave hunter who died the night she was born and because his spirit needed a safe haven into which to retreat, the newborn babe, in spite of her sex, was given his name and thenceforth trained to take his place as a hunter and trapper for the tribe. Mrs. Washburne has done an outstandingly excellent piece of work in setting down the story from the time of Anauta's earliest recollections until the present. She must have lived the events in her own imagination and steeped herself in the traditions of the Eskimos in order to produce such a smoothly written narrative, told with the greatest understanding and sympathy and insight.

In contrast to the kindly and genuine life led by the Eskimos, our treasured civilization does not show up very well. Anauta had never seen money nor had she any idea of its use. She had never seen electricity or schools or churches; yet before long she was supporting her children and herself, part of the time working on a factory assembly line.

Today when life seems more than ordinarily difficult, when it is almost impossible to adjust ourselves to changing conditions and the shattering of ideals and illusions, it will give courage to many to read the story of this simple Eskimo woman with her unspoiled culture and the plucky way in which she uprooted herself from her old life and managed to find herself a new one.

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Torches Awaiting Fire

HUDSON STRODE

"BUT all your great poetry is about wars you have lost," Field Marshall Goering protested to a Finnish friend of mine. The statement is not without some truth in regard to Finnish verse produced within the last hundred years. And except for oral folk poetry there was really no Finnish literature whatever before 1835 when Elias Lönnrot published a part of the "Kalevala," the national epic, from which Longfellow took his verse form for "Hiawatha." But beginning in 1835 it was her literature—even though the work of the patriot Runeberg was done in the Swedish language—that influenced Finland's awakening to a national consciousness and finally culminated in her independence as a democratic state. Caught between Sweden and Russia and used as a buffer for their quarrels for some seven centuries, Finland had had little encouragement or inclination to produce a written literature. And only in the decade between 1860 and 1870 when the liberal Czar Alexander II permitted Finland free breathing, did modern Finnish literature have its birth in the work of Aleksis Kivi.

When Kivi died from want and that form of madness called melancholia, the national and personal mourners had been few. Now he is accorded the place in Finnish literature that Spain gives to Cervantes and France to Molière.

Although the Finns had spurned Kivi's masterpiece "Seven Brothers" when it first appeared, today it is a kind of Finnish testament. The novel is a red-blooded book, broad of shoulder and lusty of lung, as honest and earthy as a peasant's sweat, resoundingly humorous, and yet tinged with mystical speculations and nostalgic beauty. It is a patriotic book, too, full of adoration for the land and the people who inhabit it.

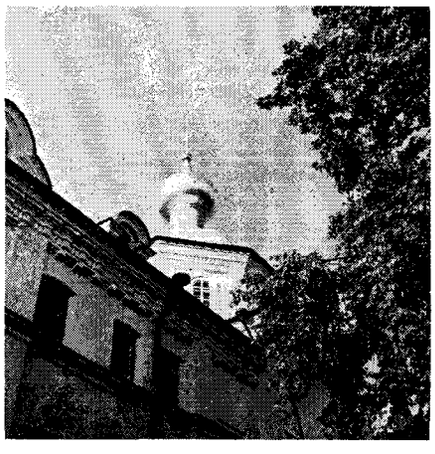
Kivi possessed in rich measure that special quality of writing that is known as gusto—that quality which Rabelais had and which Shakespeare gives to Falstaff. He is often called the Henry Fielding of Finland, and "The Seven Brothers" is the Finnish "Tom Jones," as in another sense it has been called Finland's "Huckleberry Finn." But whereas Mark Twain was a superlative humorist, Kivi was also a poet, with compelling accents in his overtones. To me, the funniest scenes in Kivi are funnier than any scenes in Mark Twain.

Among the Northern Countries today only the contemporary literature of Norway may be said to surpass that of Finland and that is because of towering figures like Sigrid Undset, Olaf Duun, and Knut Hamsun. To me, there is far more vitality and refreshment and promise in Finnish literature than in present day Swedish or Danish literature.

Throughout Scandinavia the Finnish writers are already well-known, because of a sympathy of climature and problems. As the Finns today read with avidity and understand easily present-day American novels, so the Finnish literature will soon be more easily understood by Americans, because of that common denominator—modern civilization—which has penetrated with amazing rapidity into the remotest backwoods of Finland.

It is to be regretted that foreign translations of Finland's authors are so few. Although the best books of England and America, as well as those of France, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries, are to be procured in Finnish, there is hardly more than a one-foot shelf of Finnish books in English. Almost all of these are done by one man, Alex Matson. Because Matson is such a painstaking artist in his translation, a stack of Finnish successes crying out for English translation are delayed—he has not had time to get to them. Conversely, while virtually every well-read Finn knows not only American classics but Hemingway, Faulkner, Steinbeck, and the late Thomas Wolfe, only a handful of Americans know Sillanpää and Seppänen, who have been translated, and fewer know Mika Waltari (invariably a best-seller among the younger Finns) except for having read him in German or French.

Sigrid Undset had sent Mr. Waltari her love by me, and I went to have coffee with him at his apartment in



Töölö, the shining new residential section of Helsinki that spreads a square mile between the parliament building and the sport stadium. We sat talking of the lack of translators. "It would be well-nigh impossible for one not born to and saturated with Finnish to make a translation that retained the initial power of our language," Waltari said. "Besides, to an alien, apart from the pungent infusion of dialect and homespun, Finnish is considered one of the most difficult of tongues."

IT was a rare pleasure to be with a young author who made enough on his writings to have as choice a modern apartment as Waltari's. Completely without pretentiousness, the place had just simple charm and simple comfort, but the pictures and vases and rugs had been selected with infallible taste and without stint on price. Except to the shrewd observer there was nothing obviously Finnish about the furnishings, unless it was in the little daughter's playroom. But Waltari himself was decidedly Finnish in type, strongly built, pale-complexioned, soft-voiced, and economic in his movement. Except for his eyes, he gave an impression of indolence. Yet he wrote steadily from nine to five, with an hour off for lunch, in summer. As prolific as Daniel Defoe or H. G. Wells, he was yet more versatile than either of those powerhouses. At seventeen he had published a volume of poetry, and at twenty his first novel, "The Great Illusion." He wrote not only poetry and novels but novelettes, short stories, murder mysteries, plays, and cinema scripts. He was more or less a perennial prize-winner in one field or another. At the age of thirty-two he had twenty-odd volumes to his credit, eight of them novels. And up to 1937 he had held a salaried job as editor, so that his writing had been perforce an avocation.

I was considering the boundless fertility of the Finns when I recalled that Sillanpää, the greatest writer of them all, sometimes takes four or five years to do a shortish novel. While the young Mika Waltari produced one child and lots of books, the aging Sillanpää had lots of children but had produced only a few books.

"But Sillanpää," said Waltari, "has long periods when it seems impossible for him to write a line. And he revises as much as Hemingway is reported to do."

"Hemingway himself told me he wrote the last page of "A Farewell to Arms" seventy-six times," I said.

Waltari raised a blond eyebrow slightly and then shook his head almost wistfully. To him invention comes easy, and when he writes he rarely revises a line. "By the way," he said, "I think

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"A Farewell to Arms" is the most beautiful love story in the world—for the modern age."

But I had come to talk of Finnish literature rather than American, and while we drank coffee I turned the talk directly to the subject.

"The birth of modern Finnish literature," Waltari said, "dates from 1860, when Aleksis Kivi published his tragedy "Kullervo." Because our literature was historically belated, Kivi's art fused traditions of several cultures in one. His "Seven Brothers" is the ancestor of our realistic school, for it handles the life of actuality; yet you see how full of romanticism it is—and of a robust sense of humor that stems back to the Renaissance."

"Isn't Kivi in the blood of all present-day Finnish literature?" I asked.

"Every good work to come out of Finland has drawn inspiration from him," Waltari answered, and then went on: "In the 1880's and '90's we were much under the spell of the great Norwegian dramatists and the Danish critic Georg Brandes. A group of realistic and thoughtful writers at this time became known as Young Finland —or the *Päivälehti* group—because they were loosely bound together by the liberal newspaper then called by that name. Now that paper has become the *Helsingin Sanomat,* and its editor today is Foreign Minister Erkko.

"The *Päivälehti* were social-minded young men who learned from Flaubert, Maupassant, and Zola. Juhani Aho was the most important of them. Though inimitable in his way because his prose was intrinsically lyrical, Aho is accredited with having taught Finns to write like Europeans. Yet like Selma Lagerlöf, Aho had neo-romantic leanings, and his "Helkavirsiä," a collection of old ballads, is one of our greatest treasures."

"Is it not true that Finland's greatest novels have all had rural settings?" I asked, fully aware that Waltari was about the only novelist who made good use of the city scene.

"Yes—Kivi's, Linnankoski's, Sillanpää's. Perhaps the second most popular novel among Finns after "Seven Brothers" is Johannes Linnankoski's "The Song of the Blood-red Flower." Though it has a Don Juan theme, the setting is authentically rural."

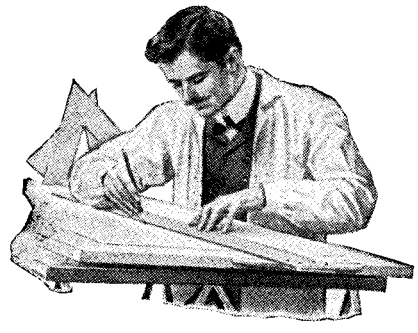
"So," I said, "no matter how far Finns presume to wander into the dark and flowery paths of romanticism, they are drawn back to the problems of ordinary daily living?"

"Right," he answered. "Finland has had to struggle against too many alien forces as well as a rigorous nature to write much other than novels of the soil and the careers of simple folk. Though some Finnish writers have traveled in more sophisticated conti-

EACH CAN SAY

"I WAS A CLERK"

"I WAS A LINEMAN"



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How America Lives

By J. C. FURNAS, and the Staff of the Ladies' Home Journal

HOLT·HOLT·HOLT·HOLT

nental countries and felt the influence of French and Italian culture, on the return to the homeland the struggle for freedom and national integrity has seemed all-consuming. Sophisticated ideas have paled before the burning elemental necessity to exist as Finns and to fight for the dignity of the individual. A Finnish writer of lasting significance might make a beginning steeped in admiration for the neo-romantic school, but almost invariably he ends up in a portrayal of the simplicity of living in rural Finland."

After a pause Waltari continued: "Neo-romanticism was finally left to find its expression in lyrical poetry—and lyric poetry reached its culmination in Eino Leino. Sillanpää, who is our prime exponent of the peasant-life theme, has some of that lyrical quality of Leino which combines vitality and delicacy so movingly."

We began running over the titles on his shelves of Finnish authors. The largest and most important group of the new generation of Finnish writers, those born since 1900, are known as *Tulenkantajat,* or "Bearers of Fire." Several of these who were lyric poets had dramatized their lives by dying of consumption in their twenties. Among the novelists of the group, the two outstanding Fire-bearers are Mika Waltari and Unto Seppänen. The prizes Waltari does not win seem to go to Seppänen. Twice, as the jackets revealed, he had won the Finnish Literary Society Prize, and four of his novels had won the State Literary Prize. But the only one of Seppänen's fire-bearing novels that had been translated into English was "Sun and Storm." (Here Kenneth Kaufman had done a brilliant job of translation.)

Though the two leaders did not choose the same settings—the Helsinki-born Seppänen laying the scenes of his novels in the Karelian Isthmus where he then lived—strangely enough they had both succeeded best in the depiction of emotions of youth. According to the critics, each was eminent in revealing "the sensual stirrings at puberty" and the awakening to responsibilities of man's estate.

I ran my finger and eye over more titles and authors. "Many of the Finnish novelists who use the backwoods for settings," Waltari said, "are almost untranslatable because of the infusion of dialect." Ilamari Kianto writes of the primitive hinterland and Joel Lehtonen and Heikki Toppila are depicters of authentic rural life, but they will be tough problems to a translator. The same is true in a measure of Toivo Pekkanen, the leader of the proletarian group and a powerful portrayer of the lives and loves of working men.

Now, what are a few of the outstanding qualities of Finnish literature? As the very landscape and the climate of Finland are full of contrasts and surprises, so the literature is replete with complex elements, yet they all seem to belong quite harmoniously. A robustness that often becomes gusto is found marching, like a frontier between principalities, with an innate melancholy that merges into mystical symbolism. There is a stark reality that shies away from no detail however unpleasant, and also a lyrical sense of beauty that is an escape from the drabness of actuality into fanciful dreaming.

The style is apt to be sinewy, fiery, pungent; sometimes angular; sometimes richly full-bodied; often delicate, never pallid. A humor that is highly original and unorthodox may go hand in hand with a philosophy born of brooding in the long, isolating winters. But always, no matter what the book, there is a remarkable freshness of attitude to nature, as if the Finns could never get over its recurrent miracles. And ever like veins of pure gold running through the texture of Finnish literature is to be found an incorrigible faith in human dignity and in man's ability to bear life's burdens with grace.

Most of the material which constitutes this article will appear in Hudson Strode's "Finland Forever," to be published shortly by Harcourt, Brace & Co.

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Inside Hawaii

HAWAII: RESTLESS RAMPART. By Joseph Barber, Jr. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1941. 285 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

MR. BARBER prefaces his book with the Hawaiian proverb "A canoe is not swamped by the outside wave, but by the inside wave." It is that inside wave of numerous cross-currents which threatens the balance of Hawaii today, as the dominant island forces, the army, navy, the "Big Five" business leaders, and the vast population of Japanese fight for authority. Possibly at the time of Hawaii's discovery by Captain Cook it was the paradise now vaunted by the tourist pamphlets, but its history since then has been one of greed and exploitation, of envy and intolerance and fear, according to Mr. Barber's soundly documented study.

The commercialization of the island began with that little handful of "indefatigable New Englanders," the missionaries, who came to it in 1820 when, ironically, the idol-worship of the natives and their awesome tabus were already moribund. As the evangelists gained power over the chiefs by shrewdly aiding in affairs of state they could not help, they claimed, accepting grants of land for their services; to have refused would have been affront. It was not long before they left the church for the greener fields of agriculture, and upon their original holdings were built the great sugar and pineapple plantations of today.

Mr. Barber discusses without bias the industrial monopoly of the "Big Five" in Hawaii, and the propaganda, amazingly executed by one man, to excite outside interest in the island and inside acceptance of what the "Big Five" stand for, chiefly statehood. The story of Bowman and his publicity organization is a fascinating one, with accounts of the Amelia Earhart flight which was sponsored by the Matson Line, of the dictatorial control of the newspapers, of the labor espionage activities of Bowman's crew, and the eventual conversion of the Hawaiian populace to the statehood ideal, a unique campaign "in that it was to be the first instance in the country's history of an advertising and public relations agency undertaking to sell an American community the idea of an altered political status in the Union."

This was not achieved, however, without considerable opposition from the American army and navy stationed at Oahu. The question in their minds was and still is: "How loyal are the resident Japanese?" the Japanese who are numerically by far the largest racial group in the islands? the Japanese who form nearly half the banks' total depositors? the Japanese who are, many of them, of dual citizenship, claimed by both their parent and foster countries? Statehood, obviously, might be a real menace to national security where the majority of the population is composed of Orientals and their descendants.

Believing in the inevitability of war with Japan, Mr. Barber outlines and illustrates by end-paper maps American naval strategy in the Pacific, a cautious forecast and a disturbing one. Hawaii, he maintains, is the strongest defended sea-fortress in the world, but it is not yet impregnable. His book is an urgent footnote to the headlines, well-written, thoughtfully conceived.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Casey, in "Casey at the Bat," by Ernest Lawrence (Phineas) Thayer.
2. "Ben Hur," by Gen. Lew Wallace.
3. Samson, in "Judges XVI."
4. Orlando, in "As You Like It," by Shakespeare.
5. Father William, in "Alice in Wonderland," by Lewis Carroll.
6. Sherlock Holmes, in "The Adventures of the Speckled Band," by Conan Doyle.
7. Bessie, in "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight," by Rose Hartwick Thorpe.
8. Hippomenes, in Greek Mythology.
9. Sam Small, in "The Flying Yorkshireman," by Eric Knight.

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The Dark Gods

By SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN

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Sinclair Lewis says:

Many a Green Isle

By GLANVILLE SMITH

"Within five hours by aeroplane from Miami there is an enchanted web of islands less known to us than Finland or Stamboul. Even their names are strange: Saba, Dominica, Tortola. Of these islands, the Antilles, I doubt if any one has ever written half so well as Mr. Glanville Smith in *Many a Green Isle* . . . He possesses the seeing eye that does not take in just tourist glimpses of mountains and palms and tiled roofs, but picks out the gorgeous Common People—market women, pious skippers of inter-island schooners, young fishermen, native women of a certain color and a certain genius with chicken and rice, and a thousand of their kindred. Glanville Smith has definitely enlarged our America."
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TRAVELS IN TIME

(*Continued from page 4*)

Mice," shows an inventor with a machine which enables him to observe certain unselected portions of the future; from one of these glimpses he brings back in triumph the plans for a complex machine, whose purpose he does not know. The purpose turns out to be a sinister and useless one, and he concludes: "The psycholophone can never be of the slightest use to me. It permits me to discover or invent only those things which history has decreed that I shall invent, and which, therefore, I shall discover with or without the contraption." Or the answer may be that you would change everything; *Unknown Stories* carried a story called "The Mosaic" which began in the city of Far Damascus, in the western continent of Atlantica, part of the New World which had been discovered by the high Moslem civilization. The Moslems had reached the point of inventing a time machine, and sent into the past a young sheik who prevented the murder of Charles Martel,—and instantly disappeared; for with the survival of Charles Martel the Battle of Tours went the other way, and the whole Moslem conquest of Europe and the New World vanished into nothingness.

But how are we to conceive such changes? One answer is given in the beginning of the story from which the first sentence of this article was quoted, "Lest Darkness Fall," by L. Sprague de Camp. "These people who disappear," explains the theorist, "they slip down the trunk of history; and from where they stop—if they are very lucky and intelligent—a new branch of history grows"—a whole new space-time continuum, not ours. The pulp magazines have their audiences so well educated in concepts of this kind that in its initial appearance in *Unknown Stories* this scaffolding had only to be indicated; in the book, it has been considerably expanded and clarified. On this is based a story which is a sensible, as well as humorous "Connecticut Yankee." Ask yourself and your friends what you could do if you were thrown back into the Roman Empire. Could you produce electricity, like Mark Twain's hero? Probably you could not, and you don't know anybody who could. Could you make gunpowder, and if you could, would you? Consider that, and if you want some answers so obvious that you will be ashamed of not seeing them, get hold of "Lest Darkness Fall" and see what was done by Martin Padway, a young archaeologist with an unusual knowledge of Low Latin and late Roman history, but no other special information; he finds himself in Rome just before its final fall; and, starting from scratch and working fast, he averts the barbarian invasion, gets the printing press going (the practical diffi-

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Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
ELEVEN WERE BRAVE *Francis Beeding* (Harpers: $2.)	Col. Granby and able young helper thread tortuous maze of intrigue during last days of French Republic with thrilling results.	Historical figures, thinly disguised, play leading roles in tense drama, with influence of lovely woman adding new angle to epochal events.	Absorbing
MURDERS IN VOLUME 2 *Elizabeth Daly* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Re-appearance of century-missing governess, complete with long lost Byron, disturbs old Manhattan family, who consult bibliophilistic sleuth Gamage.	Crackerjack idea, involving poison murder, well-concealed tribal skeletons, some priceless N. Y. aristocrats, titillative erudition, and dexterous detecting.	Among the best
THE LOBSTER PICK MURDER *M. V. Heberden* (Crime Club: $2.)	Red-headed Desmond Shannon clears much-abused wife of murder of surgeon husband in New York village and spots proper killer.	Cunning cryptogram conceals records of plastic surgeon's work. Solving that Shannon has relatively easy job. Breezy and outspoken opus.	Average
DEATH AT "THE DOG" *Joanna Cannan* (Reynal & Hitchcock: $2.)	Vicious old English squire criminally poisoned in black-outed rural pub. Insp. Northeast investigates barful of suspicious characters.	Good marks for background, characterizations, and talk. Superfluity of suspects slightly confusing. Leisurely pace may irk fidgety fans.	Good
NO MURDER OF MINE *Alice Campbell* (Scribner's: $2.)	Cottage, every convenience, including corpse, borrowed by American girl vacationing Dorset. Inspector Headcorn, neither lovable nor eccentric, is a cop's cop.	Terror, hints of madness, run through an almost entirely psychological mystery. American attitude and English criminal procedure make excellent mixture.	Union Now!

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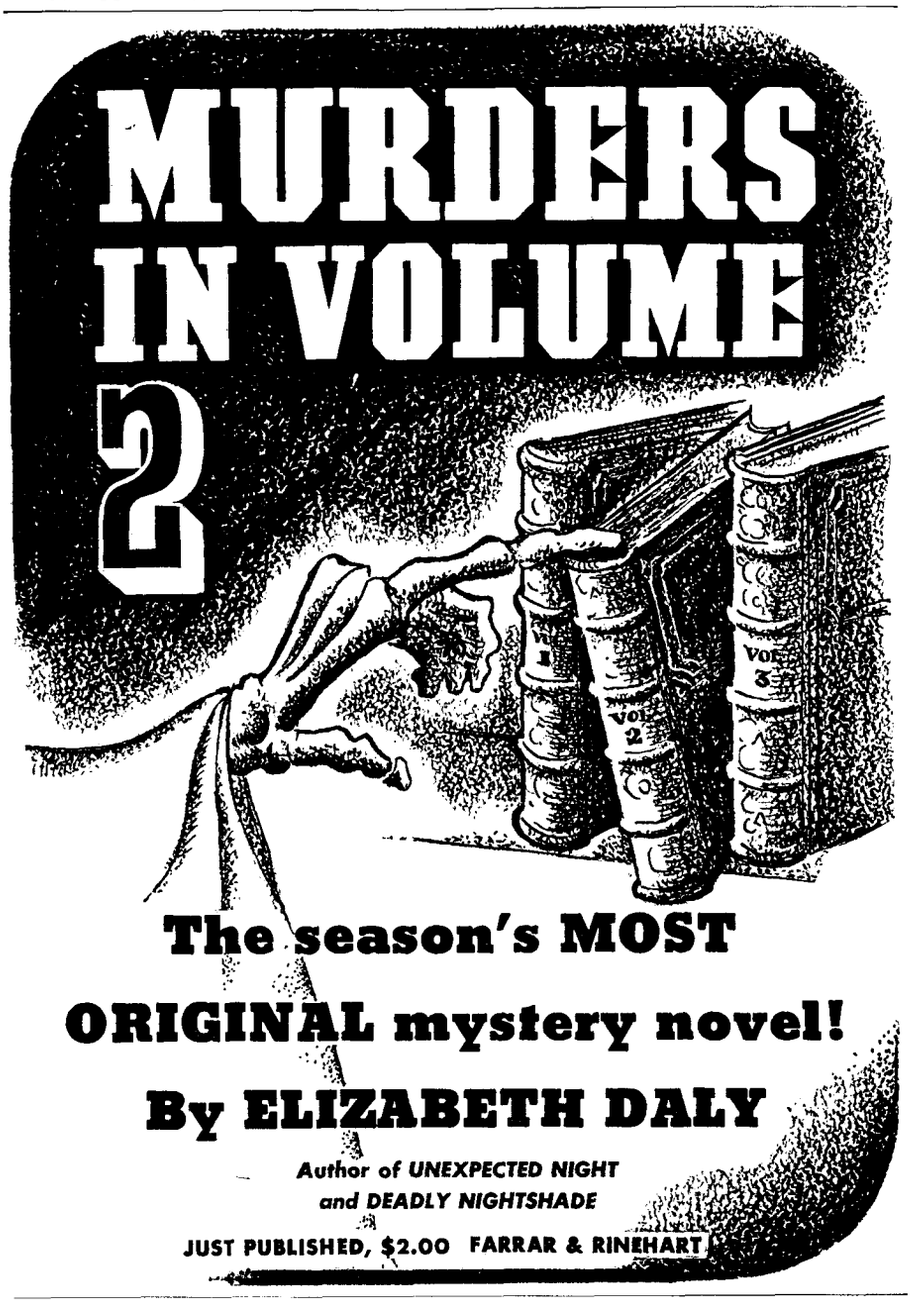
culties in that are greater than you might think), and starts a branch of history in which there is no Fall of Rome and no Dark Ages. At the end of the book he is advising Justinian that it would be a good idea to conquer Persia before Mahomet gets born, and fitting out a schooner to discover America because he wants a smoke and it is only there that he can get tobacco.

It is a temptation to give away too much of "Lest Darkness Fall," for it is a grand book to talk about; but the reader ought to be allowed to discover for himself how Martin Padway, equipped with a few coins' worth their weight in silver, some useless paper money, and nothing else, managed, first, to stay alive in sixth-century Rome at all, and then to rise to a position which allowed him to organize a defense against the invasion which he knew to be imminent. But some things can be said of it. Martin's escape from the hostile barbarians and the all too friendly Princess Mathaswentha make it worth reading as a straight adventure story. It is written with a not insistent but pervasive humor, which never loses sight of the difficulties inherent in explaining to a Roman the use of zero or the need for copper tubing (which should give you a hint of his first steps). In its grasp of the welter of peoples and religions that filled the peninsula of Italy, it is as sound a historical novel as many that are more pretentious. And in taking a strange but definite problem and attacking it realistically, it shows itself a work of real and stimulating imagination.

None of the stories of time-travel has found a satisfactory way of meeting the problem of the traveller's own older or younger self, although valiant efforts have been made to apply the formula of If to the individual instead of to history. The playwrights tell us that you would change everything, since all circumstances depend on one author (as in Lord Dunsany's "If," where the man allowed to alter one circumstance in his life goes and catches a bus he had missed, and becomes in consequence an Oriental potentate); or you would change nothing, since the Fates are not to be cheated (as the man found in Dunsany's "Jest of Hahalaba," when he thought he could make his fortune in the market by looking at a future newspaper, and found there his own death notice).

Yet the wish for an escape from the past, and from one's own actions, is so intense that, having lost our hold on Eternity, we try to find it in the new beliefs about Time. Mr. J. B. Priestley, whose "Dangerous Corner" was one of the most brilliant treatments of the theme that a single careless question might make the difference between life and death, was already, apparently, playing with the idea that it might be possible to get back to the safe land where the question had not been asked by sheer will power; after the suicide, one of his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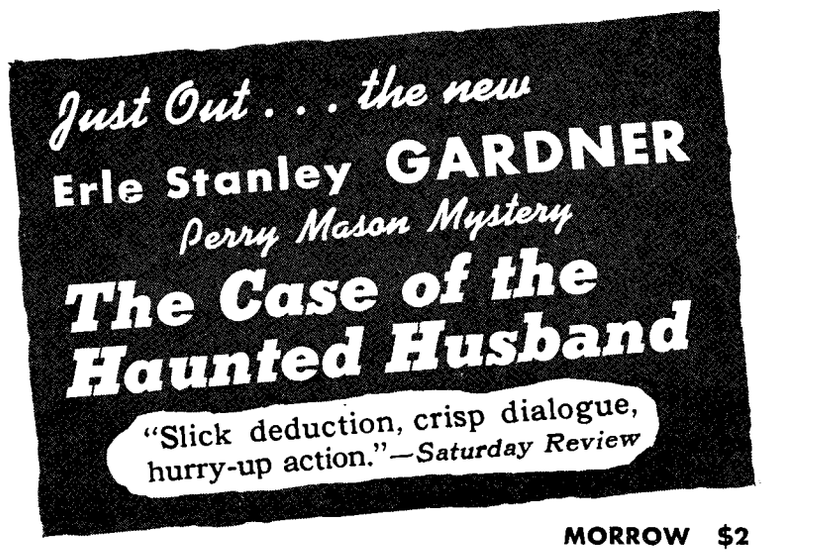
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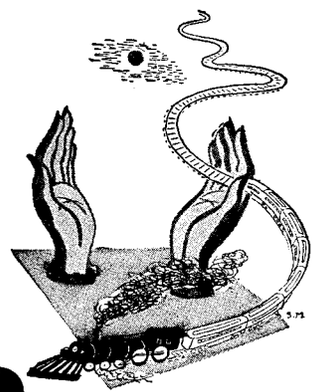

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characters (oddly, not the one who had shown the fatal curiosity) says, "with something mysterious in her voice": "It mustn't happen. It *shall* not happen," and the opening scene is played over, without the question.

In his later plays, he has tried to find a similar escape in the new theories of time. In "Of Time and the Conways" he uses the "Berkeley Square" figure of a river whose whole course is visible from some higher viewpoint, and has one of the Conways console another for their sad middle age by saying that their happy youth is still in existence. But, in the first place, surely there is very cold comfort in the indisputably true nursery adage that somewhere the sun is shining, if it is not shining on us; and if age is to be lightened by the happiness and innocence of youth, then youth must be darkened and corrupted by the sadness or the wickedness of age. That is what May Sinclair said twenty years ago in an extraordinarily powerful short story, "Where Their Fire Is Not Quenched," in which the heroine, after death, found herself wandering in Eternity, always penned back into the arms of the adulterous lover she had come to loathe; if only, she thought, she could get back to a place where it had not happened! But when she found her way back to her first idyll, her girlhood's suitor changed into the man she was trying to escape; for, he said, "Has it never struck you the future affects the past? You *were* what you *were to be.*"

Mr. Priestley has tried again to escape from the burden of memories in "I Have Been Here Before," on the theory that we live our lives over and over again, and that it is possible by some flashes of previous memory to avoid making the same mistake a second time. But here, too, the metaphysics are difficult and not consoling. If *our* past is the present, where is *the* past—the last century? And if one actor takes a different step, it will so alter all the relations of the drama that the rest of us will have to live an unrehearsed life, as it feels as if we were doing. Also, I had almost rather give up the hope of going over this ground again, improving my record, than face the belief that this is the *n*th time I have been over it, learning something each time; for I should hate to think of how clumsily I must have lived the first time if this is the best I can do now.

In Paradise, Dante says, there are two streams, Lethe and Eunoë, Forgetfulness and Fair Remembrance, and by drinking of those the soul remembers only well of its past life. We have not found an escape from the past in any aspect of Time; there may be one under the aspect of Eternity.

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★ ★

☞Sharpest crack in the many newspaper pieces about Rex Stout's *SRL* article *Watson Was a Woman:* H. Allen Smith's in the February 28th New York *World-Telegram*—"Quick, Watson, the needlework!"

★ ★

☞Collector's item to come—"The Poems of William Shakespeare," designed and decorated by Bruce Rogers, edited by Herbert Farjeon, introduction by Louis Untermeyer. But of the four names involved, Rogers's is the one which will attract bibliophiles to this two-volume set. (Limited Edition's Club.)

★ ★

☞Last week's paragraph on André Maurois's diversified train reading aroused our curiosity about the daily reading of that veteran commuter, Franklin P. Adams, of the *New York Post's* Conning Tower, and of *Information Please:*

> This morning, on the 8:16 from Westport, arr. G.C.T. 9:20, I read the *N. Y. Herald Tribune,* the *New Yorker,* and reread many pages of Oswald Garrison Villard's "Fighting Years." This afternoon on the 5:03 I shall read the *World Telegram,*

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The Sun, and the *New York Post.* I already have read *PM* and the *SRL.* I am taking home the Pocket "Little Men" for my daughter, and tonight I shall finish "Hudson Valley Squire"—maybe—and certainly dig into "Ambassador Dodd's Diary" on the train. Tonight I am writing a little piece about the "Collected Works of Heywood Broun." Love to André.

★ ★

☞The Letters to the Editor columns of the New York papers have been doing quite a trade in mail about the proposed removal of the Aquarium from Battery Park. Our interest in the controversy sharpened when we found in the *New York Times* of February 25th that rare kind of letter from a public official—a first rate writing job; from Commissioner of Parks, Robert Moses. Historically sound, picturesque in phraseology, and full of urbane invective, it is worth digging out of the dust bin. Sample:

> We get down now to the only question which can possibly remain. What can be done with the present Aquarium, nee Castle Clinton and Castle Garden, when the fish have departed for the Bronx? There will, of course, be an ancient, fish-like smell about the place compounded of the gunpowder of Castle Clinton, the lavender and old lace of Jenny Lind, the sweat of immigrants, and the mackerel of the Aquarium. No doubt this smell can be imprisoned and preserved in an empty, sealed building accessible to those to whom the faint aroma of the past is the very breath of life.

★ ★

☞Personal interests, books coming later in March: *Lanterns on the Levee,* by William Alexander Percy—plantation memoirs; *Spill the Jackpot,* by A. A. Fair—a Bertha Cool and Donald Lam mystery; *The Collected Poems of Walter de la Mare*—all of his verse for adults; and *The Dust Which Is God*—William Rose Benét's semi-autobiographical novel in verse.

★ ★

☞We regret that we haven't been able to print earlier this note from Williams Dangaix Allen, of The American Institute for Iranian Art and Archaeology, at 724 Fifth Avenue, New York City, describing some appealing courses:

> It has occurred to me that your readers may like a reminder of the surprisingly neglected courses given by the Iranian (Persian) Institute here in town.
>
> For fine book enthusiasts: the course on illuminations, book covers, and calligraphy; by Eric Schroeder (with exciting lantern slides). E. S. has been in Persia and is a treat to listen to.
>
> And the courses on elementary Arabic by Dr. Grunebaum, a lively, very human young scholar of Vienna, are just the stuff H. G. Wells recommended for ordinarily civilized men, as well as lovers of verbal arts.

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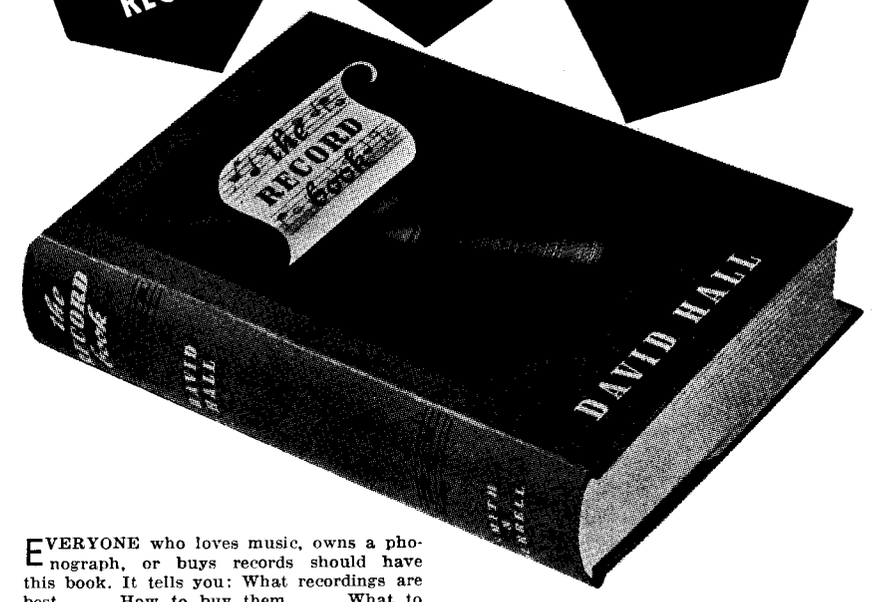

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51-O	52-U	53-N		54-V	55-N	56-B	57-E	58-J	59-O		60-B	61-S	62-O	63-J	64-X	65-R
66-U	67-T	68-M		69-L	70-F	71-B	72-Z	73-T		74-N	75-J	76-K	77-M	78-X	79-W	80-L
	81-C	82-F	83-H	84-L	85-Q	86-G	87-B	88-O	89-Z	90-W		91-X	92-E	93-I	94-N	
95-D	96-J	97-V		98-X	99-F	100-Y	101-N	102-J	103-W		104-D	105-X		106-V	107-W	
108-W	109-V		110-H	111-F	112-T	113-A	114-Q	115-E	116-I	117-P	118-D	119-Z	120-S		121-R	122-W
123-H	124-Y		125-C	126-J		127-H	128-L	129-R	130-D		131-M	132-A	133-U	134-K	135-W	
136-Z	137-E	138-N	139-U	140-Q	141-O	142-H	143-X		144-V	145-X		146-Y	147-V	148-I	149-W	
150-F	151-C	152-V	153-R	154-U		155-P	156-X	157-A	158-Y	159-S		160-Z	161-W	162-P	163-G	164-A
165-L	166-O		167-I	168-J		169-G	170-L	171-T	172-I	173-Q	174-V		175-J	176-M	177-I	178-D
	179-X	180-W	181-M		182-M	183-F	184-H	185-N	186-E							

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 11 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Popular ascription.

B. Develop beyond the need of.

C. Vicar in *As You Like It*.

D. "Among the faithless, faithful only he" (seraphim in *Paradise Lost*).

E. Because (a phrase).

F. Direct one's course through any medium.

G. Responds by showing an effect or change.

H. Part of a baseball diamond.

I. Duke Vincentio disguised (*Measure for Measure*).

J. Very degraded (comp.) (U. S.)

K. Guinevere's office at death ("Idylls").

L. Empty-headed person (slang).

M. Lack of mutual attraction.

N. "Pamphlets" by Carlyle (1850).

O. Decorative ornament of vine leaves.

P. Corona; glory.

Q. Inert gaseous element used for display.

R. Female spirit portending death (Gaelic).

S. Entity (Lat.)

T. Seniors (in age).

U. Spanish saint, author of *Book of Foundations*.

V. One of Chinese criminal band in American cities.

W. "The Deacon's Masterpiece" (O. W. Holmes; 3 wds.)

X. American critic and novelist.

Y. Quixotically adventurous.

Z. Vexes.

WORDS

A. 132 157 113 37 27 164

B. 4 60 56 71 87 13 17

C. 81 23 151 44 22 34 125

D. 95 118 130 104 46 178

E. 92 43 137 186 115 57

F. 111 70 14 99 150 183 28 82

G. 163 2 36 86 11 169

H. 123 110 142 127 184 9 31 83

I. 177 167 41 172 21 148 93 116

J. 63 126 175 168 58 102 96 75

K. 76 1 8 49 134 38

L. 165 128 170 69 84 80

M. 181 42 131 182 176 20 77 48 68

N. 53 74 185 101 94 138 7 55 32

O. 5 88 141 51 62 39 166 59

P. 117 26 162 10 155 3 47

Q. 173 114 85 140

R. 121 153 129 65 45 25 29

S. 120 159 61

T. 15 67 73 40 171 112

U. 154 12 133 30 139 66 52

V. 147 144 174 18 54 106 109 97 152 24

W. 122 180 103 35 161 107 79 149 135 108 90

X. 91 179 78 98 19 156 143 105 64 145

Y. 6 100 50 158 124 146

Z. 16 33 160 89 119 72 136

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by JAN VALTIN

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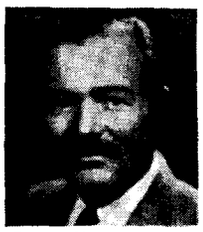
—OR YOU CAN BEGIN WITH ANY ONE OF THESE OTHER SELECTIONS



Ernest Hemingway's *new novel,* FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS, was the Club's November choice. No book in recent years has received such universal and warm praise from all critics.

Willa Cather's new novel, SAPPHIRA AND THE SLAVE GIRL, is her first book in five years. The scene is pre-Civil War Virginia; "indubitably as good a decade hence as today."

Van Wyck Brooks' NEW ENGLAND: INDIAN SUMMER is, in the opinion of many, even more absorbing than *The Flowering of New England.* It was our judges' choice for September.

Franz Werfel's new novel, EMBEZZLED HEAVEN, the Club's December book—deeply thoughtful, "a magnificent character study" of a lowly woman that leaves one comforted and inspired.

William Saroyan's new book, MY NAME IS ARAM, is a delightful puckish picture of a small boy which, we have a hunch, may go the way of Clarence Day's *Life With Father.*

Jan Struther, with MRS. MINIVER, is a new author to Americans—instantly and widely introduced, as so many authors have been in the past, when her book was chosen. *See text below.*

THE latest book that is exciting book-readers everywhere is OUT OF THE NIGHT, by Jan Valtin. Within three weeks after publication it jumped into top place on the national non-fiction "best-seller" list. This list represents only what book-readers are actually buying in the stores. OUT OF THE NIGHT is an extraordinary autobiography of a young Communist agent. Its instant appeal everywhere is another confirmation of the good judgment, demonstrated for years, of the Book-of-the-Month Club's Editorial Board.

Fully a million perspicacious book-readers—in the families which use the Club's service—now rely upon it to keep themselves from missing the new books they are really interested in. Recent choices listed above are an indication of the quality of the books they receive.

Time and again you buy the "book-of-the-month" —not knowing it has previously been chosen by our judges—merely because some discerning friend has said warmly: "There's a book you must not miss." How sensible to get these books from the Club, since you pay no more for the books, and save enormously in other ways.

Here is the simple procedure: You are not obliged, as a subscriber of the Club, to take the book-of-the-month its judges choose. Nor are you obliged to buy one book every month from the Club.

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